Hez. Howes

THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE PIRATE HORDE.

PART II.

By the author of "The Rival Harps."

[illegible] kept his post upon the shore, awaiting the re- [illegible] of the boat from the schooner, which had now [illegible] her moorings to a more secure harbour, close [illegible] the beacon-cliff. The saffron streaks of day had [illegible] to paint the eastern horizon, when the young [illegible] descried the boat leaving the side of the schoon- [illegible] the steady measure of her oars came distinctly [illegible] the surface of the now calm waters. A year had [illegible] since Felix had been compelled to associate with [illegible] hooters; a year of sorrow and suffering, a year of [illegible] and remorse. A thousand times he wished that [illegible] be blotted from his life. "A pirate; a murderer;" [illegible] to himself—"no, not a murderer; these hands, as [illegible] not been steeped in human blood; a wise Provi- [illegible] may have selected me as the instrument, whereby [illegible] ruthless free-booters may yet be led to justice. [illegible] my revered parents and beloved relatives, to [illegible] spoils of blood, with a crew of monsters, inured [illegible] of cruelty, and hardened to remorse, [illegible] d to [illegible] I may enjoy the breath of life; to laugh when [illegible] weep; to preserve when I should annihilate. [illegible] consummation of the eventful work is at hand; and, [illegible] but give information to the frigate now cruising [illegible], the massacre of my countrymen should be [illegible] revenged."

[illegible] barge at this moment keeled upon the strand, [illegible], wrapping his pea-jacket closely around him, [illegible] toward it. In it, besides the sailors, were a [illegible] and a gentleman, the hands of the latter were [illegible] him, yet from his noble and dignified bear- [illegible] seemed to hold contempt for his captors. The la- [illegible] form was stately and elegant, had her eyes [illegible] the water, in silent dejection, as the boat sped [illegible] incent element, and made toward the fatal [illegible] Felix marked them for some time, and his heart [illegible] them, for they were from his own country—and, [illegible] knew his family. As they approached, he [illegible] their countenances were familiar to him, and [illegible] something in the air of the girl, which revived [illegible] ections of former times, when he was blest with [illegible] and a sister's love. With a palpitating heart, he [illegible] their approach, for he feared to face them.

[illegible] prisoners landed, and the sailors sullenly proceed- [illegible] them toward the log hut, alloted for their use, [illegible] had orders to await the coming of their cap- [illegible] When they had arrived at their place of destina- [illegible] young man whispered to his fair companion in [illegible] "Alas! is this the fate a just Providence predes- [illegible] for? Have we revelled in the sunshine of hap- [illegible] taste, at last this bitter cup? Elizabeth! I can [illegible] worst fatality; but to see you thus, is more than [illegible] than death."

"[illegible] not for me, Fielding," replied the resolute girl [illegible] fortitude and resignation; and, if your blood is to flow, it shall blend with the dearest of Elizabeth's veins; for she cannot live to see you die." "My arms are bound, else could I still protect you," answered Fielding; "your respected parents committed you to my charge, and only with life will I forsake you. Oh! they cannot, dare not harm you; innocence hath a voice which reaches the op- pressor's soul—bids conscience awake, and the tears of pity flow! No, they dare not harm you; the ire of hea- ven will be hurled upon them." "I am resigned," faintly ejaculated Elizabeth, "let the worst come—death has no terrors, for, Fielding, I die with you."

"Alas! Elizabeth," replied he, "this is adding torture to my present misery. Two days more and we should have reached Havana, where we surely would have gain- ed information of your brother. But, our dreams of hap- piness are blasted; where are we now? In a den of wolves, whose hearts are as callous as the rocks they live among."

At this moment one of the pirates opened the cabin door, exclaiming "come, march in: the captain wishes to have an interview with you. And, as for you, my pret- ty one! I can only say that Guiscard is a lucky dog. Come, my fair queen, no harm, I hope, to print the first kiss upon those twin cherries." He advanced towards her, but Fielding darting between them, indignantly rais- ed his chain, in an attitude of defence, crying, "Demon! dared your cankered lips once touch those fair cheeks, wet with the tears of innocence, these manacles, which your cowardly hand has locked around my wrist, shall prove the instrument of your death!" There was a short silence, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "beware, Ar- thur Fielding! beware." "Who breathes the name of Arthur Fielding?" exclaimed the impetuous youth, "what pitying voice arises from this nest of vipers?" A dead silence reigned, and the pirates retired, leaving the prisoners to reflect on the sufferings that yet awaited them.

Felix, who had discoveried in the prisoners his sister, and the friend of his youth, Arthur Fielding, had raised his voice at the moment of peril, and prevented him from committing an act which might have cost him his life. With a heart burning for revenge, and a mind perplexed by a thousand hazardous plans to bring about that revenge, and give the free-booters up to justice, he made his way slowly through the woods, until he arrived at the ruins of a hut, where he beheld the ill-fated Yorra, seated upon a worm-eaten log, as if in deep meditation. The pang of jealousy had reached her very heart's core, and she plotted vengeance. Felix placed himself beside her; and, in a tone of kindness, asked her why she sought solitude when Guiscard was at home? "I have seen the fair- skinned daughter of the west," was the reply, "she look- ed sad; ah! is her heart torn like Yorra's? No, Sea-gull loves her, and she will love Sea-gull. But, it shall not be; I have an arrow sharpened for death, and swift as the sun-beams. Yet, will the committing of the evil deed make Sea-gull love me? No! he will curse me. Yet, he will kiss her white cheek, and there will be the fire of love in his kiss: he will wipe off her tears and calm her silky tresses. Ghost of my father!" continued she, ri- sing, "look on poor Yorra from the land of bliss, and guide her to vengeance! Golden sun! sink not beneath the blue waves until Yorra's arrow has quivered in the breast of the white maiden!"

"Why this bitterness against one that never harmed you, Yorra?" asked Felix. "Ask the she-wolf why she darts upon the panther, that couches in her litter and laps the blood of her cubs—ask the crane why she screams when she beholds a viper coiled in her nest," replied she.

"I know what has befallen you, Yorra—you are to be pitied."

The haughty Indian curled her lip in contempt, while she exclaimed, "and dare *you* pity me? You, Sea-gull's fool; his slave?"

"Yorra knows me not," answered Felix; "her eyes have been blind. Speak to me, Indian, as you would to a friend. Does Yorra love revenge?"

A momentary light spread over the dark features of the Carribean at the question; and clenching her hands, she uttered, "aye, as she loves life; and she shall have revenge. American! Sea-gull has told me that thou wert a fool; but thou art wise to be the Indian's friend."

"Meet me on this spot," returned the youth rather hastily, "and I will show the way to vengeance. At present, Yorra, do nothing that will tend to excite Guis- card's temper." He waved an adieu, and quickly sped towards the horde, while Yorra bent her course towards the deep recesses of the woods, muttering to herself, "I will poison my arrow; I will season my bow, and I will tighten its strings; for the sun shall not set to the eyes of the white-skinned maiden."

The sun was now far above the eastern horizon, and his fervid beams fell glittering upon the now calm bosom of the deep; kissing alike the fleeting clouds, and the bloody seams of the schooner, as she lay safely moored within the cove, displaying her broad sails, which were unfurled to the sun. Guiscard stood alone on the beach, marking with a sailor's pride, the beauty and symmetry of his gallant prow. His mate, Conrad, came up to him and demanded his orders, respecting the American captives. "They were both snug on shore, sir, before daylight; and we have been striving to drown our sorrow, for the loss of our comrades yesterday, in merry draughts from the flaggon." "A truce to your jargon!" exclaimed the pet- ulent free-booter, "your eyes should be ever awake to danger. Know you not that an American sloop-of-war is off our coast? Instead of being on the alert, you are carousing the hours away, and throwing yourselves into the very jaws of danger." "Mayhap, captain," return- ed Conrad, "you have always found us true to the mar- row. Think ye, the foe would dare hug the shore so foul a night as the last?" "Well, well;" answered Guiscard, "I have found you faithful and brave, and will forgive you this little carelessness. You have seen your comrades drop off like leaves from a blasted tree; you have seen them shake their blades in the last convulsive gasp of life; you loved them, and you should mourn their death. Con- rad! we will seek revenge; and I propose this method. After we have drawn life by inches, from the frame of the male prisoner, we will make sail for the coast of the United States, harass their commerce, and slaughter all who dare the high-seas. Many rich prizes will be ours, and many a crimson wave shall proclaim how dearly the buccaneer loves revenge. As for their crazy craft that

creep sluggishly through these waters, and raise a tumult among the fishes with their rusty guns and blank-cartridges, we can skim round them thrice in a knot, and laugh at their wide ports and clumsy hulks. To-morrow prepare to abandon this hold; the Yankees have got scent of it, and our band is too weak to resist them. Come, conduct me to the prisoners."

Elizabeth and Fielding awaited the coming of the lordly pirate, with hearts prepared for the worst. He entered their prison with an air of pride, mingled with contempt; and casting a furious look upon Fielding, he turned towards Elizabeth, whose heart sunk within her, as if a serpent were ready to breathe upon her. "Welcome, fair lady," said with a mimic air of gallantry, in which sarcasm was too plainly shewn, "welcome to our island. Look around you, here are your subjects and your slaves. It is not a fashion among uncouth free-booters, to greet their guests with royal pomp and pageantry. We are as you see us, plain and blunt; and, if in this greeting we fall short in language adequate to express our homage, attribute it to close labour and hard fighting. Bears cannot do better than we do."

"Pirate,"—exclaimed the resolute girl, her bright eyes kindling with more than natural splendor, and her proud lip curling in contempt, "your greeting so filled with brutish flattery and bitter sarcasm, I have heard with scorn. Subjects!" continued she, looking upon the savage crew that surrounded her, "a band of outlaws!—slaves!—reptiles, worse than the worse that crawls on earth. It is true we are the only booty snatched from our unfortunate vessel by your blood-thirsty myrmidons; but, as our brave countrymen died, so can we die: For there is an eye that looks upon your evil deeds; there is an imperative voice that will thunder in your ears when the dreadful hour of retribution arrives. Pirate! that hour is at hand; the blood of thousands of helpless wretches rests heavily on your soul: your island shall quake to its very centre with the thunder of vengeance; and oh! how dreadful will be your sentence!"

"Not more dreadful than the condemning glance of those bright eyes."—Answered the pirate, "you are wroth, fair lady, but I hope we will soon be able to tame your rebellious spirit; and by dint of courtesy, teach you to know us as we are—kind to our friends, but rough to our foes." He bit his lip with anger as he turned to Fielding. "An you, who like a young lion, bit the hunter's spear but to know its keenness; were I this moment to yield to the impulse of revenge and hate, I'd root your cursed heart from its seat, and scatter your limbs upon the earth for vultures to batten on!"

"Were it not better that you should begin your noble work?"—asked Fielding, inspired by the bold defiance of his fellow sufferer; "your knives may lacerate my flesh—your bullets may perforate my skin—flames may gnaw upon my vitals; yet, death is but death; and I'd rather have a nest of vipers preying upon my heart, than live for ages a life so base as yours. Oh! Elizabeth, your spirit inspires me with a glorious contempt for the high-toned threats of this monster; but to know that you are to suffer unmans me."

"Fear not for me, Fielding,"—was the maid's reply. "Tear them apart!" cried the stern free-booter, turning to the sailors who stood by. "Had the fellow as many lives as there are grains of sand beneath the sea, he should lose them all! Tie him to a rock on the shore, where he may enjoy the luxury of the noon-day's sun, and be food for the venemous flies that fill the atmosphere; directly opposite him, beneath the shade of the palmetto, let her be bound, that she may feast her eyes and feel a sympathetic torture. Away!"—The pirates knew their leader too well to disobey. Fielding and Elizabeth were soon hurried towards the sea shore.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

A countryman in one of the western states, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:

"Do you want to buy any meal, Madam?"

"What do you ask me for a bushel?"

"Ten cents, Madam, prime!"

"O, I can get it for a fip."

(In a despai ing voice) *Dear Lady!* will you take a a bushel for *nothing?*

"Is it sifted?"

SELECTED.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Walking Dress.—A dress of *merinos*, colour *violet d'eveque;* the *corsage*, three-quarter height, is made very full, and the fulness is disposed in deep folds; sleeve of the usual form, the skirt is set on in folds to correspond with those of the *corsage*, and a space of half a quarter of a yard in the centre is left plain, the trimming of the skirt consist of a double *biais*, the upper edge of each being cut in very deep *dents de scie* and finished with a narrow edging of sable. Black velvet bonnet ornamented on the inside of the brim, which is very large, with *coques* of the embroidered riband; the crown is ornamented with a velvet drapery, and a bow of riband with long ends is placed on the top—the ends pass under the drapery on each side, and form the strings. Mantle of Scotch plaid, with a *pelerine* of the largest size; the mantle fastens at the throat with a richly wrought gold clasp. Black shoes. Yellow gloves.

Dinner Dress.—A dress of *reps Indien*; the colour is a new shade of grey; *corsage uni* ornamented with a row of blond round the upper part, which is arranged in scollops by pearl lozenges; very full sleeve of white *crepe arephane*, over a short sleeve of *reps:* the former is made full to the wrist, where it is confined by a massive gold bracelet *a la Grecque; ceinture* pointed before and terminating in a full rosette behind; the trimming of the skirt consists of two flounces of the same material as the dress, which are edged by satin *rouleaus* pointed at the upper edge. A black velvet hat, which is trimmed on the inside of the brim, close to the hair, with full puffs of riband, from one of which issues a bird of Paradise; the plumage falls to the right side; another bird of Paradise is placed on the crown, in such a direction, that the plumage falls to the left. Ear-rings and neck-chain of bright gold. White satin shoes. White kid gloves.

Ball Dress.—White crape dress over a white satin slip; *corsage croisse* showing partially the body of the slip, round which is an embroidery of a wreath of lau el in various shades of green silk; sleeves excessively short and full, festooned with satin bands, embroidered to correspond with the bust; the bottom of the slip is finished by a broad *rouleau*, above which is embroidered a wreath of laurel. The dress being cut round the bottom in scollops, partially shows the trimming of the slip; the scollops are edged with a full *ruche* of blond net. The hair is dressed in full curls on the temples; the hind hair is brought up very high on the crown of the head, and arranged in full bows and braids. A *bouquet* of intermingled white and red roses is placed near the back of the head. Ear-rings, &c. &c. pearls. White *gros des Indes* sandals. White kid gloves. Fan of painted plumes.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL. D. *New-York.* 1828. Q *Two volumes. Converse.*

This is by far the most extensive and elaborate which, in our country, has ever been executed by the severing industry of man. The Introduction is a commonly able dissertation upon the origin, progres nature of the English language, its etymology, or the cal sources of the principal words, and its affinity t the dialects which have ever prevailed from the Ga to the Atlantic. Our limits do not admit of notic profound erudition and extensive researches of this any further than merely to state, the author has succ ed in satisfactorily proving, that each of these varieties emanated from a common source, and is only a dialec the original language of the plain of Shinar.

After the introduction, a compendious, philosop and practical grammar is inserted. To the ordinary der and student, this is probably the most important of the whole work. It exhibits the language as it at present, and determines what is the true and el construction of it, from the practice of the most appro authors. It is believed, that in this part, nothing is sidered as good English, which has not the sanctio the highest authority. In those cases in which the is discordant, the most philosophical and convincing sons are given for the decisions that are finally m There are three points, however, in which the subj are handled with great skill and discrimination, not in the grammar but in the introduction: and though results are somewhat different from those of many grammarians, yet the author has furnished the most vincing arguments, that he has adopted the right so these previously unsettled questions. These points the nature and use of the *subjunctive mode*, the use o *past tenses* and the *auxiliaries* which are appropriate *intransitive* verbs. All these subjects, notwithstan the confusion into which they have been thrown by various and uncertain practice of the best writers, treated in the most able and lucid manner, and red to definite and precise rules, which never need be m ken hereafter. As respects the grammatical construc which is by far the most important subject for those would write or speak their native tongues with prec and elegance, we have not noticed a single innova nor any thing recommended, that is not the purest idi tical English. It would be not only a matter of pa ism, but of the most correct taste, to introduce this g mar into all our colleges and schools, as the only standard of accurate composition in the English lang There is no where besides to be found so able a com tary upon the construction of the language, as it ex the writings of Dryden, Pope, Addison, Swift, John Goldsmith, Burke, Cowper, and the other great m of their native tongue.

Every person must be sensible of the deficienci the vocabularies of all our common dictionaries. improvements and discoveries in the sciences and the political, commercial and religious changes have taken place, and the convulsions of a series of since the commencement of the reign of George th have necessarily introduced many new terms, as w new meanings to many of the ancient words of the guage. These defects are amply supplied in the p work. The vocabulary is very extensive, and more complete than that of any other dictionary; the help of this lexicon alone, without a glossary, pears that every author who has written the lan with purity, from the reign of Elizabeth to the presen may be easily read and understood. The extent a

correctness of the definitions, are a wonderful exhibition of the industry, learning, and discrimination of the author. Notwithstanding the vast addition of words, those which are obsolete, vulgar, or improper, are noticed with so much judgment, that no tendency is perceived to introduce any barbarous innovations or corrupt neologisms, on the one hand, or to revive those antiquated terms which have justly fallen into disuse, on the other. The insertion of the nomenclatures of botany, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, with correct explanations, will afford very essential assistance to the mere English scholar, in the acquisition of those valuable sciences.

In such a succinct notice, it impossible to enumerate, much less to dwell upon all the important additions and improvements. The principal terms in theology, law, medicine, agriculture, navigation, commerce, literature, science, and all the elegant and useful arts, and particularly those which belong to us and our institutions as a nation, are explained with the greatest accuracy. The insertion of the participles, and the inseparable prepositions or prefixes with their definitions, is of great assistance to students and foreigners.

We cannot but consider it as a very fortunate circumstance, that this work has appeared at the present time, a period in which extensive and successful efforts are making to establish the commercial and manufacturing independence of our country. Without wishing to undervalue any thing that is truly excellent, merely because it is foreign, we do think that it is full time for our literary and scientific men to free themselves from the dominion of transatlantic authority, and that they in common with their fellow-citizens should have equal patriotism, and never be ready to give a decided preference and encouragement to American learning and philology, especially when it is fully equal, and in many respects much superior, to that of foreign importation.

As respects Americanisms, it is difficult to find any; and perhaps not a single word has been coined and introduced on this side of the Atlantic, except such as are necessary, from the peculiar state of our country and its institutions. Keeping this exception always in view, it is scarcely possible to point out a word or expression, in any of our best writers, however, much it may have been cavilled at by sciolists because it may not be found in Johnson's vocabulary, that has not the sanc ion of the best English authors.

The variations of orthography, accent, and pronunciation, are not numerous; for most of these, satisfactory reasons are given; and in several instances, the mistakes of his predecessors are so palpable, that they must necessarily strike the mind, upon the slightest suggestion. Upon one subject, not generally understood in this country, the author has exhibited the most abundant proof—that at the present day, there is no one writer who is acknowledged in Great Britain as a standard orthoepy, and that the dialect of the stage is not the common language of the respectable inhabitants of that island. We more particularly state this fact, because we apprehend, that the subjects which are noticed in this paragraph, are the most liable of any thing in the work, to excite cavilling among the superficial pedants, who always exist in every country. To such carpings we can only reply, in the very appropriate language of the learned and venerable author:—"I am aware that many things, which, in my view, are not doubtful, will appear so to persons not versed in the subject, and who does not *at once* see the train of evidence which has led me to my inferences. For this, there is no remedy, but [their] further investigation."

On the whole, the labour, industry, and perseverance of the author, combined with his extensive learning and accurate discrimination, are to us a matter of astonishment; and it seems almost incredible, that any one man could have done so much, and at the same time have executed it so well. It only remains to be ascertained, whether there is erudition enough in our country to appreciate such a work, or whether there is patriotism sufficient to give it all the patronage which its peculiar and extensive merits demand. Though the production of an individual, it is appropriately a national work, and what ever may be the decision of the whim and caprice of the day, it is destined to continue as long as the English language shall be read, a perpetual monument in honor of the learning and science of our age and nation.

We copy from Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not, the beautiful story entitled the *Zanteote Lovers*. It is exceedingly well told, and is full of decided interest. We recommend it to the perusal of our readers, with every assurance that it will be found very agreeable and interesting.

THE ZANTEOTE LOVERS.*

Who that has once witnessed, can ever forget, the scenes presented by the vintage in the Ionian islands, and above all, in the island of Zante? The girls, of classic beauty, their turbans doffed, and their black tresses wreathed with the luxurient currant leaves; the handsome youths assisting them in their labour—the flower crowned, barefooted children; and the few scattered English soldiers, with their bright appointments glistening through the rich foliage—form altogether a scene more lively and more interesting than in this sober matter-of-fact country can well be imagined.

"My life," said Zurelli, the fairest of the Zanteote maid ns, to her lover, Gerasimo, as seated within view of the sea, they were resting after the toils of the day, "you seem not so happy as usual: and see, added she, taking the coronal from her head, "these leaves are faded with the scorching heat of the noontide sun; while the clouds that are rising above us threaten to shut out even the first night star from our view. Surely," she continued, "this is emblamatic of you. Your brow is clouded and your smile is overcast—look round love, and let the light of that smile shine upon me as it was wont."

Gerasimo answered not, but put his English key-bugle to his lips, and played several beautiful airs. He ceased, and gazed with an expression of sadness on the countenance of his companion. At length he spoke.

"Zureli," said he, with emphasis, "I have formed a scheme."

"Well, dearest," she replied, smiling, "what is it?"

He again took up his bugle and played an English march upon it.

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed the girl, starting up, and standing before her lover, with a wild look and flushed cheek, "I have seen you lately practising upon your instrument with that English soldier, and now you would join his restless, wandering band as a minstrel, and go with these strangers from me and from your country."

"No love," rejoined Gerasimo, kissing the brow of his betrothed—"we will not part; we will go to England together."

"And why?" said Zurelli, calmly, "wherefore would you leave your quiet, delightful home, your cottage, and the flowers which you were rearing to bloom at our bridal, for a foreign land?"

"Because," answered Gerasimo," "I am tired of this inglorious ease. I would see the world, and see it too with you, Zurelli."

"But," said the maiden, "my mother!—you have none to leave behind. Had she other children to comfort her in her solitude, I would not repine; but———," she paused and wept over her lover's shoulder.

"Your mother is not old, dearest," resumed Gerasimo, in a soothing tone, "in a short time we will return."

In spite of Zurelli's tears and entreaties, he joined an English regiment then quartered at Zante, as a performer on the key-bugle. I think I see him now beneath the windows of the government house, with his bright scarlet turban and shining tinselled vest. Gerasimo was the best performer on his instrument in the band of the —th regiment.

One evening the governor-general of the islands, who resided on the opposite shore, having a large party to dinner, sent a messenger to Zante, desiring that the band to which Gerasimo belonged would immediately come over to his house for the entertainment of his guests. The colonel of the regiment, who also had friends, returned for answer, that the band was already engaged. General L——, in a transport of rage, again sent word that the men were all under his command, and he insisted on their instant obedience to his orders. They accordingly embarked, but without their instruments. "Well," said general———, stepping into his balcony, and looking down upon the mute party assembled before his house, "why do ye not play?"

The high spirited Gerasimo acted as spokesman. "Our colonel, replied he, with a scornful smile, "bade us say that the band of the —th regiment is yours while quartered in the Ionian islands, but the instruments belong to the regiment; therefore we have not brought them."

"Slave!" muttered General L——, venting his spleen on the speaker for lack of the colonel's presence.

"Slave!" exclaimed Gerasimo, his proud southern blood rushing into his dark cheek, "to whom are you speaking?"

"To you, varlet," contemptuously retorted the haughty general.

"Repeat that at your peril," cried the exasperated Gerasimo, in his native language, at the same time snatching a musquet from the hands of a centry, and presenting it at General L——.

He was instantly seized by the guards—his offence in the British army being punished by the martial law with death. He was put handcuffed into the barge, in which the band silently and sadly re-embarked for Zante; and the moment they landed, the unhappy offender was conveyed to the prison belonging to the English troops in that island. And now where is Zurelli?—in the solitude of her own chamber, lighted solely by the pale lamp of heaven, the only sound that reached her ear, the dashing of the bright sea upon the shore, her melancholy restless thoughts her only companions.

"Zurelli!" said a voice beneath the casement.

"Hush Ruvina!" softly responded Zurelli, bending from the lattice, "my mother sleeps."

"Come then for a moment to me," rejoined Ruvina in a hurried tone: and Zurelli went down to her friend in the porch of the cottage. The moon shone directly on the face of Ruvinia: her features were pale and agitated.

"Gerasimo!—where is he?" exclaimed Zurelli, her thoughts instantly recurring to her absent lover and connecting her friend's agitation with someting unknown that might have befallen him. Thus it is when woman loves—every thought, every fear, reverts to him in whom her soul is wrapped.

"He is in prison," answered Ruvina.

"In prison!" cried Zurelli, with a wild laugh.

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* The circumstances related in the following article occurred at Zante, during the government of the writer's father.

"Ay," replied Ruvinia; "that English general who would have taken you with him last year to Ithica, has done this."

Zurelli darted into the house, and entered the chamber of her mother. She still slept. Her daughter deliberately trimmed the lamp which burned by the bed-side, unfolded her crimson turban, and shrouded her dark tresses in it. She threw her long mantle over her shoulders, passed Ruvinia with swift and noiseless foot, and hurried to the prison. The English sentries paced with silent and steady steps before the gates; both started as the Zanteote girl stood before them.

"Where is he?" inquired she in a wild tone. The soldiers hesitated, but within the gate, stood an English officer. The portals were thrown open; the officer beckoned to Zurelli, and she followed to the inner entrance of the prison. The door creaked on its hinges. Her conductor led the way up a narrow stone staircase, while the maiden followed unconsciously, with rapid and silent footfals. At the head of the staircase was another door; this too was opened; they entered an apartment, and there was the daring spirited Gerasimo.

The Greek girl advanced with hurrying step, and perceived that he slept. She looked vacantly around and observed that her guide had retired to the other end of the apartment. She knelt down and touched the manacles of her lover; she shuddered, and Gerasimo awoke. He moved and the rating of his chains roused Zurelli from her stupor.

"Gerasimo," said she. "Zurelli! he replied, in a voice of deep despair, and covering his face with his iron bound hands, he sobbed audibly. She rose and hurried toward the English officer; she knew little of his language, but grief, even when voiceless, is expressive. She knelt to him, and pointing to her lover, said in English, "Will you ask'" The officer shook his head, sorrowfully intimating that nothing could be done.

Zurelli rose and walked toward the door; she stood for a moment gazing at her lover, then darted down the staircase, through the high prison gates, and stopped not till she reached her home.

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On the 1st of August, 18—, there was an unusual bustle in the island of Zante. Soldiers were hurrying to and fro, with their bayonets gleaming in the sunshine; drums were muffling, and a guard of six grenadiers was seen marching, with muskets reversed, toward the prison. Presently the dead march was heard from within the gates, and Gerasimo was led forth from his cell to look upon his country and its bright sunlight for the last time, and—to die.

He paused a moment beneath the arch, and looked back. Zurelli, his beautiful, his betrothed, had just been borne, fainting, from his presence. He bowed his head, and walked silently, but steadily, onward. The English officers were all assembled; there was a garish show of plumes and gold and gay military trappings. They entered the parade ground--the prisoner knelt down—the bandage was bound over his eyes, and colonel T**y advanced "Make ready!" said he to the file of men planted for the purpose of destruction, and the muskets clicked fearfully in the ears of the mute multitude. "Present!" The guns were brought parallel with the ground.

Colonel T**y folded his arms, and drew himself up in his usual erect and soldierlike attitude.

"Gerasimo," said he at last; "general L—— died last night, and in the name of my officers, I pronounce your pardon."

Poor Gerasimo sank senseless to the earth. In this state he was borne to the government house and laid upon a couch. By degrees he recovered; raising himself from his reclining position, he looked around, and beheld Zurelli, his own Zurelli, bending over him. Her warm breath was on his cold brow; her sparkling tears shone like gems on his stiff fingers; and her mother and her friend, Ruvina, their faces beaming with smiles of happiness and delight, stood at the foot of the couch.

Three days afterward Gerasimo obtained his discharge. It was purchased for him by the officer who had granted Zurelli admittance to his prison, and under the generous auspices of their friend, colonel T**y, the nuptial ceremonies of the happy pair were speedily consummated.

THE BLACK

PROFESSOR OF THE BLACK ART.

A TRUE TALE.

How common it is for our countrymen to boast of the superiority which the lower class of our inhabitants evince, above the corresponding class in Europe, in regard to superstitious prejudices. Yet I doubt not, if these were but to investigate the opinions of those amongst us, who have not received the benefit of a liberal education, they would find a truly transatlantic belief in the reality of witchcraft, and of death tokens.

The following tale, of which the leading facts are all true, will serve to elucidate one particular trait of that weakness, which I believe to be very prevalent in some places.

It was one of your calm, pleasant, summer days, when there is just sufficient of gentle airs abroad, to cool the heat of a July sun. Day was declining, but the sun was leaving behind him, as Moore beautifully expresses it, "the mantle of departing light." The clouds, floating in the west, were flushed with the crimson glow; from their transparent breasts they reflected it to earth, and all nature basked in its brightness. The forests seemed robed in fire, but you could scarce perceive its lustre on the fields of wheat, yellow and ripe, as they waved their pendant heads.

The spot to which we would direct the mental eye of the reader, was where, starting from the margin of a creek, half a mile asunder and running parallel to each other, two strips of heavy timbered woodland was seen. The height to which these towered, gave to the fallow land between them the appearance of a valley. Through this the public road wound; and at the time the scene opens, a negro with a bundle swung on a stick, was advancing up it. His clothes were decent, and a hat with half a brim, surmounted his head, cocked in the true "what care I" style. This formidable personage appeared deeply sunk in thought. Was it in visions of ambition he was engaged? No! Ambition shows not her visions to the negroes of this country. Was it love? No! Bob cared not for the fair sex; and their white teeth and eyes had remained for ever unsung, if they had not had a greater admirer than him. The true subject of his thoughts was this: How he should get the best pay in the ensuing harvest for the least work. This question he considered over and over, and his conclusion perhaps we may be able to elucidate in the course of our narrative.

He was at length aroused from his reverie by the tramp of a horse behind him; and in a few moments a young man rode up. There was then a nod of civility, and the horseman would have passed on, had not the negro began thus:

Now look here, master, do you know any one that wants a man to help them in the harvest field?

Yes, I am in want of one myself—do you wish to hire?

The negro replies in the affirmative, and a bargain was soon struck. As they rode along together, the negro showed by his remarks considerable learning, and his new employer inquired how it happened that he had been so instructed. But he only shook his head mysteriously, and replied that he dared not tell. This whet the curiosity of the other, but his petulence and solicitude were equally in vain, until the negro, who obviously only wished to raise his interest with him, began to perceive the shadow of fear, and an undefined apprehension creeping across his countenance. This he evidently wished to increase, for looking around, apparently fearful that another might hear, he whispered in a low and strained voice "my mother was a fortune teller." The young man started, but eager to hide the fear which palpitated at his heart, he thus addressed the negro:—"where have you lived?" "In Philadelphia." "Were you ever in these parts before?" "No, I was never more than ten miles from Philadelphia before, and yet I have either dreamed of such a house, as yon to the left of the road, or I have been in it. Yes, yes! I certainly must have seen it." "Seen it, and never more than ten miles from Philadelphia! Impossible!" "Impossible!" said the negro, in a solemn tone, "nothing is impossible to——." He did not fill up the sentence; but apparently following the train of his own thoughts, he continued. "Yes, it was the very night that I learned the last page of the Black Book, that I was here." Here he again ceased, and walked silently along as though wrapt in his own thoughts. His companion, for a while, was in no condition for questioning him; he remembered well, that the house which the negro pointed out as the place where he had been, was known all over the neighborhood to have been haunted. And crowds of well authenticated stories came knocking at the door of his memory, adding fresh proofs that his fear of this strange personage, had some foundation.

But the negro, who was not willing that his companion should be left too much to his fearful thoughts, lest he should ride off and leave him, now began to sing a merry song, and after finishing it, kept up a lively conversation, in which he talked of fortune-telling, as though it were a very good joke. By this means, he had raised the spirits of his companion to their usual flow, by the time they reached the place of destination. Here let them rest for the night. In the mean time, it may not be amiss to inform my readers, that the name of the horseman was Joseph Watson, and that of the black man, Bob Manly.

Next morning broke fair and beautiful, and round the farm was heard the preparation for harvest. Some were grinding their cradling scythes; others preparing rifles to whet them with. Busy among them, yet doing nothing, was Bob, but though he had a joke for every one, they seemed little disposed to make free with him, for his wondrous speeches had lost nothing in having Joe to report them. And yet with that anxiety and dread of him on their minds, they still determined to see him show his power, and when noon gave them a release from their labours, they desired him to exhibit a specimen of his art.

He, nothing daunted by their wish, seized an axe, and after muttering something over it, whirled it three times round his head, and then struck it with his full force into the body of a tree. Then drawing a magic circle round the tree, he bid any who dared to doubt his power, to enter that ring and bring out the axe. The scornful and determined voice in which he spoke, so far frightened them that there was not one among them would venture in, and having gazed on him for a while, they retired, fully persuaded that all he pretended to do, he could do. His fame spread far around the country; the neighborhood appeared seized with the fortune-telling epidemic; they flocked to the house, and the employer of the black had out of civility, to allow him to stop his work, to answer the inquries of his neighbors' wives and daughters, who all wished a page of futurity opened to them. By means

f these interruptions, the negro had many a time of rest himself, and seemed to have found out the method of ing well with the least work.

He did not confine himself to fortune-telling. No. He tended to have studied every page of the *black-art*, as emphatically termed it. Nay, I, who was then a resi- nt of those parts, was told too by one of the party con- rned, that he related to them a conversation which had en place at a great distance from him. But however s might be, it is certainly true, that a poor woman, ose husband had been absent from home several years, me to him in her distress, to know what had become of r *rambling* rib. Bob set to work with his incantations, last, having brought them to a head, he informed the man that her husband was still alive. She queried here? This he professed himself unable to answer; declared he was at that time two hundred miles off, ough the exact course he could not tell. "But," he ded, "I possess sufficient skill to construct a magic heel, which shall bring him home at the end of twenty s from the time of its first movements." The magic eel of course must be made, and he set about three or r days, making calculations, and putting it together; he en fixed it in a small stream near the house, where the ter had sufficient fall to turn it round. The neighbor- od waited in anxious suspense to see the event. Those o wavered in their belief of his powers, set their deter- nations upon this test. His believers looked for the ent as certain, and already began to triumph over those o laughed at the negro as an impostor, and his friends fools. The time the man was to be at home, was a Sab- h evening, the night before Bob's time was out, and wages paid. That day I was there, and could not wondering at the impudence with which he still intained, that, at the appointed time, the man would e. As soon however, as he had received the money, ft the place. That night there came a very hard which swelled the little stream to a torrent, and pt the magic wheel away from its situation, and of ne destroyed the whole enchantment. Many were the s the poor woman shed, for she had absolutely work- herself up, until her faith was as firm in the negro's mises as it was in her own existence. But though a mourner, she did not give way to unavailing des- r, but immediately instituted a search round the neigh- hood, in order that Bob might be brought back to be- the charm again. But the search was in vain. Doubt- he had a presentiment that a search would be made af- him for a very different purpose; and not wishing to ble them again with his company, he had made no in those parts. After the flight had become certain, controversy arose concerning his reputed talents, o this day, many of the inhabitants believed in the k Wizard.

The Echo.—Paddy Blake hearing an English gentle- speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, h repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly ob- d, "faith, that's nothing to the echo in my father's e in the county Antrim; if you say to it, "how do do, Paddy Blake," it will answer, "pretty well, I k you, sir."

Saying of Zeno.—Zeno spoke thus to a youth:—"na- gave us *two ears* and *one mouth*; that we might *hear* and *talk little.*"

Magnanimity.—It was a saying of Lord Hunsdon, "to the courage to observe an affront, is to be even with ersary—to have the patience to forgive it, is to be him."

Use of Books.—Sterne says, the most accomplished f using books, is to serve them as some do lords— their titles, and *then brag of their acquaintance.*

MR. CANNING AND HIS SERVANT.

When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career, Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honoura- ble friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Ox- ford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks *you* proud. He dines here to-day--go up to him in the drawing room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid minis- terial circle, Francis advanced to the astonished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W. I hope you're very well— I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar was of course universal.

The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable birth in the customs through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During the queen's trial he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well, Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his of- fice, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," repled Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship; "it is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say any thing in favour of that ——." "But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget Francis when he returned to power.

SHOPPING.

An American in England went to hear the celebrated Rowland Hill preach, and heard him tell the following story in the pulpit:—

Speaking of *patience*, he said he would tell us a story, "I once went into a shop where there was a clerk, a very pious young man, and while I was there, he was obliged to haul down goods in piles from the shelves, and spread them out, and then lay them away again, and puil down more; and all for nothing in the world, but to gratify the curiosity and caprice of a parcel of idle gossipping custo- mers, who did'nt want to buy any thing. But I must tell you by the way, that this practice is very rude and un- civil. Some people don't care how much trouble they give. They'll go into a shop, and have piece after piece taken down and unrolled; when they don't want to buy a farthing's worth. I'll tell you what, it's very rude and vexatious—I'd have you learn *good manners.* Well, seeing how much unnecessary trouble the young man was put to, I said to him, these people make you a great deal of labour—you must find it very vexatious to wait on such unreasonable folks. Oh no, he said; it does me good; it teaches me the grace of *patience.*"

Dr. Watts.—Dr. Watts was remarkable for vivacity in conversation, and ready wit; though he never showed a disposition for displaying it. Being one day in a coffee- room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "what, is that the great Dr. Watts?" when, turning sud- denly round, and in good humour, he repeated a stanza from his lyric poems, which produced a silent admiration:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or mete the ocean with my span;
I must be measur'd by my soul,
 The mind's the standard of the man.

Dr. Watts was short in stature, being only about five feet high.

Attic Stories.—The Chinese have an abhorrence of lofty houses. Some of the Missionaries, on showing the model of an European house, several stories high, to the emperor Kang-hi, were asked by that prince, whether in Europe they were straitened for room below, that they were forced thus to take up their lodgings in the air. In the elegiac verses addressed to the emperor Tai-king, by his five brothers, upon his being dethroned for his vices, they reproach him among other crimes, with the erection of lofty houses. The date of these verses, according to the Chinese chronology, must have been 2159 years be- fore the Christian era, or 238 years before the call of Abra- ham.

Job, by Milton.—When Madame Mara returned to France, after assisting at the commemoration of Handel in Westminster Abbey, she introduced, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" to the Parisians, announcing it, "Mu- sique de Handel, paroles de *Milton.*"

Beards.—Among the Romans, visits of ceremony were made; when a young man first applied the razor to his beard, and the precious produce of the operation was usu- ally enclosed in a small gold or silver box, and dedicated to some divinity, but above all to Jupiter Capitolinus. The Romans did not commence shaving till the year of the city 454, when P. Tecunius imported a cargo of bar- bers from Sicily. Scipio Africanus first introduced the practice of shaving daily.

Shakspeariana.—Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Johnson's children; and after the christening, being in a deep study, Johnson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. "No faith, Ben!" says he "not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow on my godchild, and I have resolved at last." "And prithee, what is it?" says he. "I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen of *lat- teen* spoons, and thou shalt translate them."

Chinese Epicurism.—Dogs are fatted and eaten in Chi- na as a delicious food, and are always found at the tables of the great. A Chinese author relates the following as an instance of prejudice:—A man by night is helped to the flesh of an ape, and being told it is the flesh of a dog, thinks it good; next morning he is informed what he hath eaten, and falls a vomiting."

"A monkey was shot to the great joy of the Meshmies, who prefer its flesh to that of any other animal. Having nothing for our own dinner but plain rice, we were much tempted to taste it; but the poor beast, when skinned, looked so much like a new-born infant that we restrained our curiosity." The anonymous traveller from whom we borrow the above quotation, does not found any thing up- on this resemblance.

European Ignorance.—On ascending the Foonghan Boom near the Dupha river, a party of explorers from Up- per Asam were *astonished* by a most violent storm of hail, thunder and lightning. The Meeshmies accounted for the infliction by saying that God was offended at their passing the mountain without leave, another class was sure it was brought down upon them by the chocolate colour of certain coats in the party; and the Sing-Phos were convinced that some one had been eating ginger. The Europeans knew nothing about the matter, except that they were all wet to the skin.

Ancient Calendar.—When Darius, says Herodotus, was about to march against the Scythians, he left a body of Ionians in charge of a bridge he had built across the Danube. Before setting out, he delivered to the com- manding officer a cord, on which he had thrown sixty knots; saying to him, "take this cord, and on each day af- ter I leave you, loosen one of these knots; if I should not appear when you have exhausted the whole, return quiet- ly to your homes." *Phil. Aurora.*

PETER FRANCISCO.

This man, who has lately applied to congress for a pension for revolutionary services, was supposed to be in his prime, the strongest man in the United States. The Georgia Courier relates an anecdote of a man, who had travelled all the way from Kentucky to Virginia, burning with desire for an encounter with Francisco. Our traveller was a half-horse-and half-alligator man, and boasted that he could thrash his weight in wild cats, and "he'd no notion of having it said that Francisco was the strongest man in the United States; he'd no notion *on* it." He arrived in the neighborhood of his antagonist, one pleasant morning in Spring; and enquiring of a man whom he met in a narrow lane, where Peter Francisco lived, was answered by the man, that he himself was Peter. The traveller mentioned his business, which after some remonstrance on the part of Peter, was finally consented to; and Peter dismounted from his horse, for battle. They met—Francisco seized his antagonist, as if he had been a puff ball, and threw him over the fence. *"I'd thank you to toss that 'ere hoss over here, for I should like to be travelling!"* said the discomfited man of the mountains, as he recovered. They parted on good terms, laughing at the oddity of the encounter.—*Statesman.*

The following was transmitted to us as being an extract from a camp-meeting sermon, but we question whether its absurdities are not exaggerated, notwithstanding those itinerant preachers are often most barbarously ignorant, even of their own language.

You that have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, throats to swallow, draw near, I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among ye; the crumbs of comfort wherewith I must feed ye, until ye become chickens of grace and are cooped up in the coop of righteousnes. If your hearts are as hard as a pumpkin, my discourse shall beat them as it were upon a cobler's lapstone until they become as soft as custard, and melt within you like a marrow pudding. Do you know what trade Adam was? I say do you know what trade Adam was? If you don't I'll tell you. Why, Adam was a planter—for, he planted the Garden of Eden.

Now do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden? Ho, ho, you don't, don't you? then I will tell ye—his foot! His foot, I say, was the first thing that Adam set in his garden. But he could not keep it there; no, no, no! he could not keep it there, for Lucifer came behind him, tript up his heels, and trundled him out head and shoulders, &c. &c. *Bower of Taste.*

Hint to Shavers.—Doubtless we are indebted to the "march of intellect," for the following singular anecdote: "A person not far from Torrington, whose face is somewhat above the ordinary dimensions, has been waited on and shaved by a certain barber every day for twenty-one years, without coming to a regular settlement. The tradesman, thinking it time to wind up the account, carried in his bill, charging one penny per day, which amounted to 39*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* The gentleman thinking this rather exorbitant, made some scruple about payment, when the tonsor proposed, if his customer thought proper, to charge by the acre, at the rate of 200*l.* This was readily agreed to; and on measuring the premises, 192 square inches proved to be the contents, which traversed over 7670 times would measure 1,472,640 of an acre, the charge for which would be 46*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* being 15*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* in favour of *chin surveying.*

WHAT IS HONOUR?

Not to be captious, nor unjustly fight,
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

Tortures of the Inquisition.—The following was among the modes of torture adopted by the Inquisition in Spain, as late as 1820. The condemned was laid upon his back, and fastened in a groove upon a table. Above him was suspended a pendulum, having a sharp edge, and so constructed, as to become longer by every movement. The unhappy victim was thus made to see the instrument of his torture swinging to and fro, and every moment feeling its edge cutting deeper and deeper, until all sense of feeling became extinguished!

Edinburgh in 1828.—Population (including Leith) 170,000, a royal palace, a college, 31 professors, a riding school, a military academy, 700 teachers of all branches of education, a royal exchange, 70 churches, 2 theatres, 13 courts of justice, 400 advocates, 40 physicians, 70 surgeons, 100 apothecaries, 7 libraries, 11 newspapers, 42 insurance companies and agencies, (34 of these are English) 11 public hospitals, 60 charitable institutions; 25 literary societies, 80 royal mail and stage coaches, 89 hackney coaches, 400 carriers, 80 public offices, 850 streets, squares, lanes, &c. and 5 bridges.—*Scotsman.*

Indian Nights' Entertainments.—A curious scene is exhibited when an European is disappointed in obtaining musquito curtains. He lies down, faint with the heat, anticipating a night of refreshment and repose. He begins to get sleepy; his mouth opens; his eyes shut; he sinks, perhaps, into partial unconsciousness—hollo, what is this? He starts up—seizes on his own nose and ears, and begins to swear and lay about him like a trooper. The enemy retreats from the nose and ears, with a furious buzz! buzz! buzz! and a detachment commence an attack upon his feet. In go their lances—out comes the blood—the exasperated stranger aims an annihilating blow at the place, and is instantly taken by the nose again. Dislodged from the front, they fasten upon the flank; and if beaten in the flank, they deploy upon the rear; fists and lances fly in all directions; the man cries "——!" and the musquito cries "buzz!" In conclusion, the sufferer has just to choose between giving up his blood to the conquerors, who will never tire till they have sucked to repletion, and sitting up and fighting it out manfully till morning. In either case, he rises from his "gory bed" with a determination to beg, borrow, or steal musquito curtains.

A Religious House.—A certain noble lord, long since gone to his fathers, had two distinguishing properties—he kept a very bad larder, and was extremely irritable with his servants. A clergyman in his neighborhood recommended him a butler, who lived with him as long as he could endure him, and left his place. Meeting one day with his reverend friend who had procured him the situation, he was asked by him on what account he had left it? "Why, sir," said John, *"it is too religious a house for me."* "Too religious!" said the parson, indignantly, "what do you mean by that?" "It is, indeed, sir," replied John, "and you would think so too; for it is *Lent* all the year round in the kitchen, and *Passion* week in the parlour."—*London paper.*

An elegant Phrase.—A learned commentator in treating of the Latin verb *ducere*, says it is very elegantly used in the sense of elongating, and cites *ducere collum*, as applied to those who treat their persons a la Ketch: however elegant may be the expression, it does not seem that the "action" is quite qualified to "suit the word."

New Anecdote.—An honest dame in the town of —— standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing "in piteous tone" his untimely departure, observed "it's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they was!"

ON FOOTE.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death *took* him *off*, who *took off* all the world.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

The following true story says a correspondent was [illegible] lated to me by a gentleman who heard it from one of [illegible] officers in the army, where it happened:—

"At the time the French were crossing the Alps th[illegible] were two young men in the army who had been edu[illegible] ted together and remarkable for their attachment to e[illegible] other. The sun was just sinking behind the horiz[illegible] when we arrived at the Inn, the landlord, after apolo[illegible] zing for not being able to accommodate them, comm[illegible] cated the disagreeable intelligence that all the beds w[illegible] engaged.

"Oh never mind," said one of the officers, "we can [illegible] up all night, only give us plenty of wine."

"Gentlemen," replied the host, "I have a house ab[illegible] a mile or two distant, which is uninhabited, in whic[illegible] can accommodate you; but to tell you the truth, it has [illegible] reputation of being haunted."

"The officers said they should prefer sitting up all ni[illegible] to sleeping in a house with such a disagreeable reco[illegible] mendation. The two young friends, however, agreed [illegible] accompany the landlord. After walking about a mi[illegible] they came to a large house before which there w s a lo[illegible] avenue of lofty trees. "This," said the landlord "is t[illegible] place where you are to spend the night."

"After having made a fire and prepared supper, he b[illegible] ged them to go back with him as far as the avenue, as [illegible] was afraid to return by himself. They laughed at [illegible] foolish fears, but went with him. They then retur[illegible] to the mansion and partook of the repast which had b[illegible] prepared for them. However, as it began to grow d[illegible] they were a little afraid. Their fears increased with [illegible] gloom of the evening."

"What shall we do? said the one to the other. T[illegible] agreed the one should watch while the other slept; [illegible] to make it easier he should sit up in bed, which he [illegible] with a dagger in his hand."

"In this way one of them watched until twelve o'cl[illegible] He then awoke his companion, saying it was now [illegible] turn—and laid down to sleep. In a short time the d[illegible] slowly opened and an old man of a most gigantic sta[illegible] entered the room. He beckoned to the officer, and [illegible] follow me!

"He arose and followed the man down several fli[illegible] of steps, till they came to a large room dimly lighted [illegible] lamp which hung in the centre. Round a stone t[illegible] were seated eleven other men of the same gigantic [illegible] ture as the first. The old men then went out leaving [illegible] standing in the middle of the room.—He could not [illegible] jecture what they were doing as they never opened [illegible] lips. The old man presently returned carrying a bea[illegible] young female. He laid her down on the table, and [illegible] ing a savage yell plunged a knife into her heart. Th[illegible] ficer was so exasperated, that he drew his dagger and [illegible] bed him to the heart; but what was his horror upon [illegible] ing—for it was a dream—to find he had murdere[illegible] friend! He had only time to say, "You have killed [illegible] I forgive you," before he expired.

"The young man retired to tell his companions th[illegible] catastrophe, but his heart was broken: he wan[illegible] about the mountains in a state of distraction fo[illegible] months, and at last shot himself."—*Lexington Exa*[illegible]

Important to Clerks.—In Bartolemeo's Voyage [illegible] East Indies, he says, that the heat at Calcutta is so [illegible] sive, that the Company's clerks, when writing lett[illegible] obliged to sit naked, immersed up to the neck in [illegible] vessels, into which cold water is continually pum[illegible] slaves from a well!

"CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET."

"Dorothy," said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, "Dorothy, I have a secret; and if I thought you could keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you: But oh, Dorothy, woman."

"Why, Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. When I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity."

"Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. Oh! I shudder when I think on't."

"Why, husband, do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll. What is the matter? Ichabod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come, unbosom yourself."

"May I rely on your fidelity?"

"Ichabod, you know you may."

"Well then, we are both to be ruined! undone! I have committed murder!"

"*Murder!*"

"Yes, Murder! and have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard."

"Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder! Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us!"

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to her neighbor's. Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance; so much as to cause her to inquire into the cause of it.

"Oh! Mrs. Prattle," said Dorothy, "I am the most miserable of women!—I am ruined for ever!"

"Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look!—What has befallen up to make you look so dejected? Why how you look woman. Tell me the cause."

"I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occason of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to disclose."

"Oh! you may tell me, Dorothy—I shall never speak of it again."

"Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?"

"You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets."

"Well Mrs. Prattle——I scarcely dare say it——my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!—he told me of it, himself. For Heaven's sake don't name it to any one!"

"Murder!—your husband committed murder! Indeed, indeed, Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined—Poor thing! I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half kneaded, and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this last confab was endeed the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation:—

"My object," said Ichabod, "in the course I have pursued was to test my wife's capability of keeping a secret. I have committed murder in as much as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my own orchard. That my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the murder, those who feel an interest in it, are at liberty to inspect the corpse."

Hesperus.

RELIGION.

True religion gives an agreeable delicacy to our manners which education or nature may mimic, but can never attain to. A sense of our infirmities and insufficiency makes us modest: a sense of divine presence makes us decent and sincere; a sense of divine goodness and mercy makes us obliging and compassionate: a sense of immortality makes us cheerful and happy. True religion is a principle of heavenly peace and light within us, which expands itself over the human frame and conduct, and sheds light and beauty on all around us. At ease within ourselves, we cannot give others trouble: when the master is God, the servant is godlike; and if our conversation be on heaven, the graces of heaven will dwell on our lips, and shine forth in our actions. Religion where it is sincerely embraced, gives contentment and patience to the sick, joy to the penitent, strength to the weak, sight to the blind, and life in death itself.—*Dutchess True Amer.*

CURE FOR A COLD.

Take one tea-spoon full of flaxseed, with two pennyworth of stick liquorice, and a quarter of a pound of sun raisins. Put them into two quarts of soft water; and let it simmer over a slow fire, till it is reduced to one; then add to it a quarter of a pound of brown sugar candy, pounded; a table spoonful of white vinegar or lemon juice.

Note.—The vinegar is best to be added only to that quantity you are going immediately to take; for if put in the whole, it is liable in a little time to grow flat

Directions.—Drink half a pint at going to bed, and take a little when the cough is troublesome.

This receipt generally cures the worst of colds in two or three days, and if taken in time may be said to be almost an infallible remedy. It is a sovereign balsamic cordial for the lungs, without the opening qualities, which endanger fresh colds on going out. It has been known to cure colds that have almost been settled into consumption in less than three weeks.

The preperation is a teaspoonful of Vinegar to half a pint of the medicine. ——— *N. Y. Times.*

The American consulship at Liverpool is the most lucrative office in the gift of the government, the income being nearly equal to that of the President of the United States.

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1829.

To Correspondents.—Many articles were received too late for an insertion in to day's paper. They shall appear next Saturday. "Cynthia" will appear in our next.

Baltimore Mercantile Library.—We were glad to see in yesterday's American, an editorial notice of a communication relating to the establishment of a Mercantile Library in this place. It was our intention, some time since to recommend such an institution in Baltimore, and it is with pleasure that we find our views anticipated by others. An annual assessment of two dollars on two hundred individuals, would be enough to support a library, procured by the free contribution of a thousand volumes, which, by proper exertions, could be obtained in less than three months. Two hundred dollars would pay the rent of a convenient room, and supply many necessaries beside; and the surplus, with the proceeds of sales of useless books, would pay for a large number of valuable magazines and popular works of the day. We hope the subject will be followed up; for it is one of great importance, there being a very large portion of gentlemen in the employ of merchants, who, we believe, would be glad to find an evening retreat, where a literary repast might be obtained at a small expense.

Theatre.—On Friday evening we visited the Theatre, which was for that night devoted to the benefit of the *poor* in Baltimore. There was about one hundred dollars in the house,—that is, half enough money to pay the expenses of the evening. We are inclined to believe that many persons purchased tickets who did not care to attend; for a more beggarly account of empty boxes was never seen there before.

We congratulate the enterprising managers on the appearance of the new drop scene; really, it is a very original article, and worthy of their taste; we sincerely hope that it will not prove a drop too much.

SCRAPS.

Mrs. Royall is writing a new book for the benefit of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Accident.—On Thursday last four men engaged in excavating for the Ohio rail road, were killed by the falling of a large mass of earth. Several others narrowly escaped.

The Small Pox is provailing at Pittsburgh, Penn. to a considerable extent. There are one or two deaths there weekly from this disease.

A gentleman advertises in a Belle-Air paper for a wife. She must be from twenty to thirty-five years of age, of genteel appearance, good disposition, respectable family, and an unblemished character: if poor, it will be no objection, provided she be industrious and frugal. He will marry for love, and work for money.

New Music.—An original oratorio, composed by Mr. Trajetta, a native of Italy, but long a resident of Philadelphia, is shortly to be brought out by the members of the "American Conservatorio," in that city.

A red-hot melo-drama, judging from its title, written by a gentleman of Albany, is to be produced this season in that city: It is called "Banditti, or Female Usurper!."

The following advertisement of the committee appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the next exhibition of the Athenæum gallery in Boston, is worthy the notice of artists and others in Baltimore possessing valuable paintings. We hope that our city will show that it is inferior to none in the country, in the patronage which is extended to the fine arts.—*Ed. Em.*

Athenæum Gallery.—The committee, appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the next exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum Gallery, give notice, that the exhibition will be opened on monday, May 4th, and closed on Saturday, July 11th. All pictures intended for the exhibition must arrive, in frames, on or before the 20th April—none will be received after that date. The expenses of transportation will be paid by the Athenæum.

Artists in every part of the United States, are invited to forward such of their works as they may wish to exhibit, and every facility will be afforded for the sale of such as are sent for that purpose. On former occasions a large proportion of the pictures for sale has been purchased.

All communications may be addressed to either of the committee, or to W. Harris Jones, No. 141, Washington-street.

T. H. PERKINS,
W. DUTTON,
N. APPLETON,
SAMUEL A. ELLIOT,
JOSEPH COOLIDGE, jr.
JAMES BOWDOIN.

☞ Editors friendly to the Fine Arts are requested to insert the above.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

OBLIVION.

I heard the rolling muffled drum,
And piercing fife, as lone I stray'd;
"Thus, thus," thought I, "within the tomb,
Shall fame's *undying* wreaths be laid!"
Upon a monument I saw
The hero's glorious deeds retraced;
Oblivion came—I read no more,
His name—his deeds were all effaced.

I saw a monarch on his throne,
A throne of skulls, imbrued in blood;
An awful splendor round him shone,
As high he sat, "the great, the good."
I saw the veil of death unfurl'd
Over his stern and stately brow;
Oblivion swept him from the world—
Lo! where's his name, his greatness now?

I saw a bard, and o'er the lyre,
His fingers swept, in thirst of fame;
His soul was melting on each wire,
His pen sent forth its tides of flame.
I saw him write his epitaph,
'Twas "dust to dust, and clay to clay;"
Oblivion came—he waved his staff,
And e'en that dust was swept away!

I saw the planets, moon and sun,
Array'd in all their glorious light,
Careering smoothly, brightly on,
Pouring out lustre in their flight.
Oblivion came—Creation's groan
Was heard amid the clash of spheres;
Worlds upon worlds were overthrown,
And Time, himself, summed up his years.

Ye beings of a little hour!
Flowrets that bloom, then cease to be,
Know ye who checks Oblivion's power?
He who can span infinity.
And, oh! how sad it is to see
So many rushing madly on,
Spurning a bright eternity,
To plunge in hell's Oblivion! EUSTACE.

The following lines from the London *Keepsake*, are from the pen of the venerable historian *Roscoe*, and copied from the Album of a young American traveller.

From distant climes the stranger came
With friendly view and social aim,
The various tribes of earth to scan
As friend to friend, as man to man.

No glittering stones the stranger brought;
No arts professed, no wealth he sought;
His every wish one view confin'd,
The interchange of mind with mind.

What he the richest prize would deem,
Was friendship, kindness, and esteem;
What he could in return impart—
The same warm feelings of the heart.

Not his with selfish views alone
To trace his course from zone to zone;
His hope—to stretch affection's chain
From land to land—from main to main—

The various powers and virtues tell
In human heads and hearts that dwell;
In bonds of love the race to bind,
And make one people of mankind.

[From the Token, for 1829.]

COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

Columbus found, that, in advocating the spherical Figure of the earth, he was in danger of being convicted, not only of error, but of heterodoxy.—*Irving.*

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learing's pomp that day—
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array:
Some, from stern vigil's measured hours,
Where trembling Penance knelt,
Some, from arched domes, or hermit bowers,
Where cowled Science dwelt.

Why doth that simple mariner,
Approach that conclave high?
What mighty thoughts his bosom stir,
And fire his sparling eye?
His toil-stained hands the pictured chart
With dauntless zeal display,
While words of wonder from his heart
Win forth their rushing way.

What hath he said! Their frowns are dark,
In muttered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets mark,
Which flush the ashen cheek.
The inquisition's vengeful doom
Seems traced on brows severe,
And heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, bold Genoese! for Time
Thy splendid wreath shall crown;
That vast and undiscovered clime
Where pathless forests frown,
The heaven-wrapt mountain's haughty brow,
The Indian with his bow,
The gold-sown rocks and rivers, thou
To thankless Spain shall show.

Courage, world-finder! thou hast need!
In fate's unfolding scroll,
Dark wrongs and nameless woes I read,
That rack the noble soul;
Pale Envy's shaft in secret hurled,
Ingratitude's dire pain—
The bitter payment of the world
To those who wear her chain.

On! on! creation's secret probe,
Its curtain rend in twain,
And give the old and crime-sick globe
Her sister's broad domain;
Then with torn heart and smothered frown
Exhaust the cup of scorn,
And in thy lowly grave lie down,
The glorious, yet forlorn. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

Or the Poet in the Clouds.—By Coleridge.

O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please;
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks, and then a traveller go
From mount to mount through *cloudland*, gorgeous land!
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds, possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Illiad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

SONG.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing,
Smile—though I shall not be near thee,
Sing—though I shall never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine!
Go, forget me, &c.

Like the Sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the *meanest* things in light;
And when thou, like him art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
That they nothing seem, without thee,
All things look'd so bright about thee,
But that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined,
Like the Sun, &c.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming,
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take and leave me all benighted;
Glory's burning—generous swell,
Fancy and the poet's shell.
Go, thou vision, &c.

THE GRAVE.

BY THE LATE E. C. PINCKNEY.

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds,
This lowly mould, and dreary stone,
The sordid earth-worm darkly feeds
On one, men loved to look upon.
Of gentle race and beauty rare,
The land delightingly she ranged,
And now she slumbers deeply there—
Ah! the heart aches to think now changed.

I saw her once in life, and said
So beautiful a thing could not
Breathe long on earth—but soon be made
To share in earth the common lot.
Was't idly thought!—her form so fair
Is buried in the narrow cave;
But late she lit this upper air,
And now—I look upon her grave.

I mourn for her though nought to me
In kindred, or, indeed, in heart;
Save something that I liked to see
And wished not ever to depart—
A pleasant sight—a creature I
Gazed on, in no inquiet mood,
And turned from most unwillingly,
To glance on meaner blood.

A selfish grief! she lies within
A place of solitary rest;
Where care shall never entrance win,
Nor anguish wring her lovely breast!
Light hearted girl! I would that thou
Couldst change thy lovely state with me,
That I might sleep in the tomb below.
And the sun shine again on thee.

THE TWO ROGUES.

To rob the public two contractors come;
One cheats in *corn*, the other cheats in *rum*:
Who is the greater? if you can, explain,
The rogue in *spirit*, or the rogue in *grain*.